

The Coconino Sun

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GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Recommends a Day for Thanksgiving and Praise in Accordance With Day Proclaimed by President.

In accordance with an honored precedent and custom, the President of the United States, has proclaimed Thursday, November 28, 1901, a day of thanksgiving and praise.

While our country mourns for the great American, the foremost citizen of the world, who by divine decree which we must not question, has been taken from us, we submit humbly to the will of God and rejoice in His love. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Although we may not understand the inscrutable ways of Providence, we are taught to believe and feel that the nation, and the people of the world, since the first great Crucifixion, are made better and stronger by such sacrifices, and that we have all been brought nearer to God with a clearer knowledge of our responsibilities and a quickened ability to perform the duties required of us, public and private. It is our duty to accept with contrite spirits the awful lesson, severe and uncalled for as it seems to us, and profit by its teachings.

We should rejoice and be happy that the republic, resting upon the imperishable principles of the Constitution, is unshaken, and that he, to whose keeping more than all others is now entrusted the Nation's honor, is "worthy and well qualified" with splendid courage and ability to direct the affairs of this, the greatest of the governments of men. We should rejoice and give thanks for the grand achievements which have elevated our nation to the first place, and won for it the respect and admiration of mankind. We should praise God that our legislators are aroused to the necessity of destroying anarchy and better protecting the liberties of the people. We should render joyful praise and grateful acknowledgements to the Giver of all good for unexampled national and territorial prosperity; for bountiful harvests, the great production of precious metals from our mines, for profitable grazing, the rapid development of our wonderful natural resources, the remarkable growth of all commercial interests throughout the country, and the Divine grace and favor which enable our citizens to peacefully pursue their different vocations in health and happiness.

I therefore recommend and request the people of Arizona to suspend business and observe the day appointed, in their homes and churches, with appropriate services of thankful praise for the blessings we have received, and prayers for the continued care and saving guidance of the all-wise God, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, in whose hands the destinies of nations and of men are as grains of sand.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the territory to be affixed at Phoenix, the capital, the 11th day of November, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and one.

[SEAL.] N. O. MURPHY,
Governor of Arizona.
ISAAC T. STODDARD,
Secretary of Arizona.

Prehistoric Civilization.

Antiquarian researches have shown that at one time, of which we have no historic account, the valleys and mesa lands of southern New Mexico and Arizona teemed with a busy population who followed the peaceful pursuits of husbandry. Ruined cities proclaim that fact and other relics of their handiwork. They possessed a high degree of civilization and were undoubtedly destroyed by a race of savages whose descendants have been the bloody foes of a later civilization in the southwest. Their fixed habitations show that they lived by tilling the soil and that they practiced the methods now in vogue, is shown by extensive irrigating canals, reservoirs and storage dams in the mountains. Many of them are as extensive and perfect specimens of engineering skill as those now being constructed by the aid of capital and which will again make this section capable of sustaining a dense population. In the works now being undertaken capital is but walking in the footsteps of a prior civilization. It is making no new experiments and running no risks.

SNAKE LIES.

By Prominent Liars—Lied Especially for the Sun.

"Gess it's going to rain to-day," casually remarked an acquaintance to old John Lance the other day as that old gentleman slumped up to the liquor fence and made irrigation signs at the slave with a white apron on.

"Gess it's goin' ter rain? Well, I gess, young feller, that your gess is eaquil to a durned bad reckin. Rain? Why, this 'ere wallop in', seapin', shiftin' atmosphere ain't goin' ter have enough moister inter it fer the next month ter cool a feavered gnat's eyelid. I know it. 'Corse I know it.

"Snakes hev a way of kinder findin' out whut's goin' to happen if yer watch 'em. Was lookin' at a few of the inteligerter kind a few days ago, an' I saw sumptin' that made the hull system of weather clear to me. Yeas, I did, b'gosh. Know whut them snaix wuz doin'? Naw; 'corse yer don't. Well, sir, they wuz all hangin' round a water hole. Severil of 'em would dip in and soak their innards with water, then back up an' a big feller that looked like a hired man would grab him up by the neck and jounce him down onto his tail until he'd grow fat by bein' shortened up by the jammin' on his tail end. Then he'd go back and fill up agin. I saw a lot on 'em round with big bulges on 'em, too.

"This wuz a curious proceedin' to me, an' putty soon I seleckted one of 'em out thet hed the biggest lump a sticken' outen his skin, forked him on a stick and jabbed a hole inter his lump, an' I'll be thusty fer a month if a gallon of water didn't leak out of his tank. Yeas.

"Oh, it was condensed water, yer know. They packed it down by the jammin'. All on 'em was loadin' up their tanks to cross the desert. Yes, sir. Can't fool no snaix on whut's comin'; they got a hunch all the time. Why, yer kin tell frum the way they wiggle how far they are goin' ef yer know anything about 'em.

"Snake bit me when I wuz young," explained the old man as he dumped a stirring dose of pisen remedy onto his palate.

AID FOR ARIZONA INDIANS.

Governor Murphy's Report Suggests How the Indians Can Be Made Partially Self-Supporting.

A Washington press report says: Governor Murphy of Arizona, in his annual report, advocates the sale and settlement of large Indian reservations within the territory, with the possible exception of the Navajo reservation in northeastern Arizona, and the government construction of reservoirs for water storage for irrigation in suitable localities, with canals leading to the lands allotted to the Indians.

The governor says of the latter action, in which Indian labor could be largely utilized, that it would help to make farmers of the Indians, and that a further maintenance of the tribal relations, as now conducted, and the retention of reservation agencies around which the Indians cluster and live in idleness on government rations, most seriously retarding the civilization of the Indians, would be unnecessary.

A number of localities in the territory are dissatisfied with the census returns, and the governor alleges that great injustice has been done to Phoenix, the capital, in fixing its population at only 5,544. Its registration for the city election of last May, he claims, indicated a population of this year, of at least 10,000. He attributes the discrepancy of figures to the enumeration in the summer, when the people were at summer resorts, and to the careless work of the enumerators. He says from the school census and other reliable sources the population of the territory is now at least 135,000, as against the census returns of 122,012.

Within the last decade 545 miles of canals have been constructed at a cost of \$1,508,469, and irrigated land has been increased by 119,595 acres.

Among other things the governor especially and strongly urged the admission of the territory to statehood.

Shot Into Dynamite.

John McNally, aged 14, tempted fate Sunday at Bisbee by shooting into a box filled with sixty sticks of dynamite. He was instantly killed by the resulting explosion, his head being almost torn from his body.

McNally and a younger companion had found the dynamite on a station, thirty feet below the surface, in the shaft of a mine owned by F. M. Johnston. Reared in a mining camp, they fully knew the nature of the stuff.

When they had returned to the surface McNally announced his intention of shooting at the powder to see if it would explode. The other lad had barely reached shelter behind the dump when McNally fired the little squirrel rifle with which the lads had been hunting. The explosion threw McNally's body forty feet from the shaft. Luckily no one was working in the mine at the time, for the shaft was wrecked by the explosion, the timbers being torn into splinters.

An Unfortunate Accident.

Last Saturday at Cottonwood, Lloyd, the six-year-old son of Lee Van Deren, met with a shocking accident. He reached for his hat, which was hanging over the muzzle of a shotgun which was standing on the porch. He pulled

the gun downward, the hammer striking the floor and discharging it. The load struck the little fellow in the palm of the right hand, almost tearing it away, the fingers and thumb hanging by shreds. The parents brought the child to Jerome at once and Dr. Coleman dressed the wound. The child did not whimper during the ordeal, and has since displayed more nerve than the average grown person. Dr. Coleman has slight hopes of saving the hand from amputation.—Jerome News.

A Remarkable Sight.

The western sky in the early evening presents an interesting sight. It is the remarkable series of planetary conjunctions. The three brightest planets are close together in the sky.

Jupiter has for months been slowly overtaking Saturn, and, just before he reaches him, Venus, whose eastward motion is much swifter, catches up with them both. She passes Jupiter on the night of the 17th, and Saturn on that of the 18th. The two are about a degree apart, while she is three degrees south of them, so that all three planets are crowded into a space no larger than the belt of Orion. The group which they form will be by far the most conspicuous thing in the evening sky, and will remain in sight for two hours and a half after sunset.

Though these three heavenly bodies seem so near together, their real distances from us are, of course, vastly different. Venus is very much the nearest, being but 74,000,000 miles distant. Jupiter is more than seven times as far away, his distance being 540,000,000 miles. Finally, Saturn is almost 1,000,000,000 miles from us—as far beyond Jupiter as Jupiter is beyond Venus.

Jupiter and Saturn are closest on the 27th, when their distance is less than the moon's diameter. They will be very near one another throughout the last week of November.

Moqui Indian School.

In a notice of the Moqui Indian school, the Native American says that Charles E. Burton was appointed to his present position of superintendent and acting agent of the Moquis in July, 1899. When Mr. Burton took charge of the Moqui schools, there was an attendance of 160. The present attendance reaches nearly 500.

The Moqui school was established in 1887. About 1886 it was placed under charge of the Navajo agent at Fort Defiance. In 1898 it was made a bonded school and the reservation placed under the charge of the superintendent, who acts as agent.

The cost to the government of the Moqui and the three day schools is \$100,000 per year, outside of the cost of the new plant now in course of construction.

The Blue Canyon boarding school was separated from the Moqui agency, August 27, and made a separate bonded institution.

Takes Place To-Night.

John Thompson, the great comedian and character actor, will appear at the Bank Hotel hall to-night, and introduce his "star troupe" of comic characters in his original comedy "Around the World in Eighty Minutes." Everything in the show is funny and you will enjoy two solid hours of laughter. General admission 50 cents, children 25 cents.